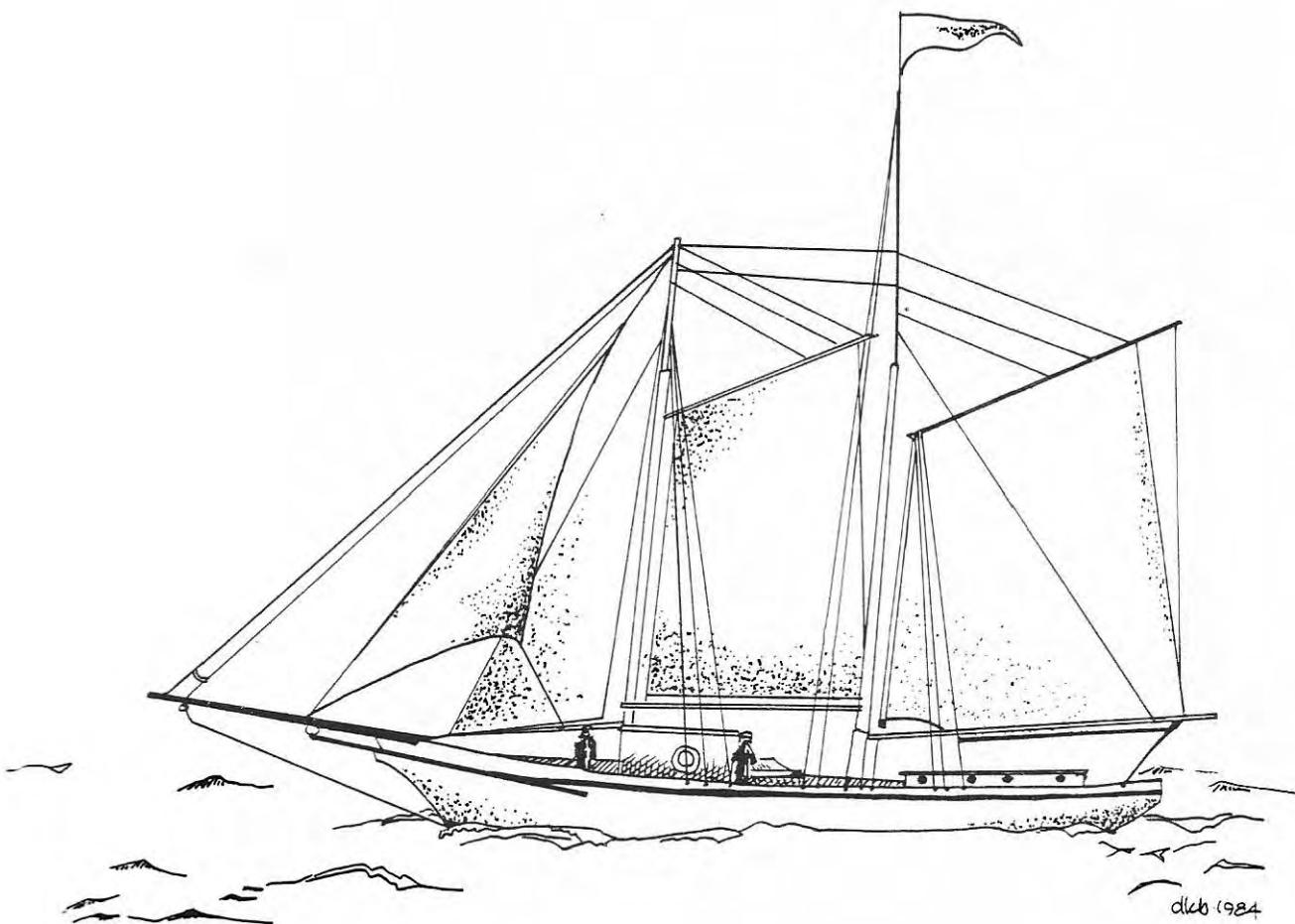


HISTORICAL REVIEW 3

1983 - 1984



COBOURG AND DISTRICT
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROGRAMMES 1983-84

Banquet - May 24, 1983

Speaker: Dr. Malcolm Thurlby

"Nineteenth Century Architecture in Ontario"

September 27, 1983

Speaker: Percy Climo

"Fairs, Farms and Exhibitions"

October 25, 1983

Speaker: Michael Newton

"Sources of Cobourg History in the Public Archives of Canada"

Tuesday, November 22, 1983

Joint meeting at Victoria Hall with the Peterborough Historical Society

Speakers: Lois Anne Verney) Cobourg
Rob Mikel)

Marlow Banks } Peterborough
Martha Kidd }

Guided tours given by Marion Magen and Gordon King to the Peterborough club members.

January 17, 1984

Film: "The Fighting 69th"

Remarks by Gordon King on Father Duffy (a native of Cobourg)

March 6, 1984

U.E.L. Night - Videotape - "In Their Shoes"

Speakers: Dr. D. E. Mikel
Mrs. Stewart Bagnani

Anecdote (100 years ago in March 1884) Nora Cunningham

March 27, 1984

Speaker: Barbara Garrick

"Tall Trees, Tall Men and Tall Tales of Lumbering in Early Ontario"

April 24, 1984

Speakers: Mark Gordon "Firemarks"
Lois Anne Verney "Reminiscences of Aunt Lizzie Wilmot"

Plus 4 essay winners reading their essays

(3rd) Miriam Mutton - "Confidence"
(2nd) Percy Climo - "James Calcutt, Sr."
Foster Russell - "The Most Famous Man" (Joseph Scriven)
(1st) Lawrence Jones - "William Weller, The Stage Coach King"

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The illustrations for this review are the work of Diane Kennedy Barr.

FAIRS, FARMS AND EXHIBITIONS

Percy L. Climo

"Success to the hoof and the horn
Success to the flock and the fleece
Here's success to the growers of corn
With the blessings of plenty and peace"

The first decades of the nineteenth century witnessed the growth of settlers in Northumberland County who carved out farms from the primeval forest. By the late 1820's, some of the first settlers realized the need for group action to assist in bringing about improvements in agriculture and with this object in view, organized the first Agricultural Society in Northumberland County.

The first Agricultural Society to be organized in Upper Canada was the Society of Niagara, reported first formed in the fall of 1791. In the 1820's, fairs were held in Port Hope, Coborne, Cobourg, and at York. Early fairs were, in reality, farmers' markets where one could sell produce, rather than exhibit it. Later they developed into full-scale exhibits of the products of agriculture and, more broadly, of the objects of local art and manufacture.

The County of Northumberland Agricultural Society was organized in 1828 and held its first fair in Coborne in 1829. Premiums were offered for the best managed farms in the County. Zaccheus Burnham was one of the judges in this first endeavour and though he did not, of course, enter his own two farms in the contest, his fellow judges praised his own achievements in converting 300 acres of forest to productive farm in the space of just thirty years, producing wheat, corn, barley, peas, oats, potatoes, meadowland for hay, oxen, milk cows, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs.

A letter which appeared in the Cobourg Star from T.S. urged that the Northumberland Agricultural Society not merely sponsor exhibits and award prizes but produce practical, tangible technical information so that farmers could improve their methods. "I may be mistaken ", he wrote, "but I think every member in his turn should be obliged to produce a sub-

ject in writing on rural affairs to the monthly meeting of the committee, to be examined and, if thought worthy, to be published; for which purpose they ought to purchase a part of your valuable paper, and the essay be published once a month..." The writer goes on to clarify some of the issues of the day. "There are numerous things just now wanted, where there are so many individuals just beginning to form a farming establishment, but unto those minds it never would enter to proceed with anything like system or method, but to build house after house just as it happens, where the first log may have been left, without even considering regularity, order or convenience."

"Let the essays be on the best form or size of farm house, situation, Etcetra (sic), --- the form of farm yard, size and construction of cow house, stable, etcetra -- whether a log or frame barn, under all circumstances, is the best for a newcomer with only two or three hundred pounds."

"There are some young farmers sadly puzzled about stumps. Some say, root them out with all expedition; others say no, let them stand as long as they will, by their decomposion (sic) they afford an annual supply of manure to the soil, which otherwise you would have to put on it, at the expense of your man and oxen. Which is right? Which is the best time to cut meadows, whether when the grass is quite green, or later? One says cut it by all means when as green as you can, as you will have all the sap and juice, which is so nutritious to the animals that are to eat it. Another replies, let it stand until the seed is loose, that some of it may be scattered on the ground, as next year you will have the benefit of the crop from that seed, in addition to what will be produced from the old roots. Well who is right? I wish some person really capable of treating this subject would take it up and keep it alive."

In our attempt to capture the pattern of living that involved various types of families and people that made up the rural community in early years, there is one class of men who were obscure and often forgotten. They were the hired men of the farms.

They were the men who took on all kinds of tasks. They rose up early in the morning. They milked cows, fed stock, carried water, made hay, hoed crops, stooked grain, threshed, cut corn, cut wood, split rocks, made fence, dug ditches, trained colts, fought snowstorms, built straw in barn mows

when the hot air was so full of rust and smut that their noses, throats and lungs would be rough for days. They were the men who lived apart in a separate room, perhaps over the kitchen, because of the reek and heavy odor of ripe manure and the stable that continually saturated their working clothes. They were the men who handled and walked behind the single furrowed plough many miles each season. They were the men who endured hard physical labour.

Most hired men had little to call their own. Their outings were few and their wants were simple. A visit to town on the occasional Saturday night was a highlight in their routine lives. They asked for very little in life. They ate their three square meals each day. After the long day's work was over, they enjoyed the warmth of the evening fire. These hard working, quiet, shy, dependable, conscientious men have done far more in the making of this nation than this nation is ever likely to realize.

Before moving on with the story of the progress experienced by agricultural societies, let us catch another glimpse of the kinds of experiences the early agriculturalists of Northumberland had. John M. Findall of Murray Township came to Canada directly from the City of London in 1815. An account of his arrival appeared in the Cobourg Star on December 20, 1831. He wrote, "We had now stowed away in our little log house most of our luggage, boxes, packing cases, etcetera, taken our supper, spread our beds on the floor, and made up a cheerful fire. Though I looked in vain for our shining stove, and polished fire irons, the fashionable hearth rug, etcetera, still there was something so novel and lively in our wood fire that it half dissipated our gloom."

"Our log house, but partly completed, afforded me a view of the heavenly bodies as they made their transit across the chinks, through which the coming storm found free passage. Though in the heart of the wilderness and a considerable distance from any human dwelling, I still congratulated myself that I was not like Robinson Crusoe, debarred from the sight of human footsteps; I had settled near a road."

"I heard not the watchman's drowsy warning, the screams of the harlot, or the rattling of the coaches. These were exchanged for the roar of the bull-frogs, the screeching of the owl and the yells of wild beasts.

The charming music of the English Theatre now gave place to the murmur of the waving forest, or the melancholy note of the Whip O'Will. I felt much consolation in the thought that no churlish landlord or insolent tax gatherer could again annoy us! "

By 1831 the County of Northumberland Agricultural Society was holding two shows per year. The spring show was held on the land of Mr. Ebenezer Perry of Cobourg. Mr. Perry owned the land where Victoria Park is now located, and in the area of Bagot Street.

Financial difficulties beset the Society from the outset. The government of Upper Canada awarded grants to agricultural societies in proportion to the paid-up memberships. New farmers had little money to spare. Subsequently, fees were unsuccessfully raised in the early 1830's, and the Society became defunct.

New immigrants during these years settled in the Newcastle District, and in the townships north of Rice Lake (then part of Northumberland). Cobourg became a police village in 1832, with a fire department, expanding harbour facilities, shipbuilding and improved overland transport. Late in the year of 1836 a new Society began in Grafton. It held exhibitions and imported high class live stock for the improvement of local breeds. Sheriff Henry Ruttan of Cobourg became its President, following Mr. George Manners of Haldimand. In October of 1845 the first fair was held for the sale of goods, wares, merchandise, livestock and agricultural produce. As it happened, a circus arrived in Cobourg on opening day. Music and sports events rounded out the affair, and the whole event was described rhapsodically in the local press.

A Provincial association was formed as a way of linking the various Agricultural Societies which now operated throughout Upper Canada. The first Provincial shows took place in Toronto in 1846, Hamilton in 1847 and Cobourg in 1848. Captain Wallace's property, between Burnham and Sinclair Streets was chosen as the site of the Cobourg exhibition. It was on the crest of a slight hill with good drainage in all directions. The choice was, as it turned out, most fortunate. Two days before the event a severe storm shook the Province. For two days no steam boat was able to enter the Cobourg Harbour.

Preparations for the Cobourg event were extensive. A seven-foot high board fence was built to enclose the seven acres of grounds. A new bridge was built across Factory Creek on King Street leading to the Fair Grounds. A temporary dining hall was built on Market Square. A Floral Hall, a hall for Domestic Manufactures, a Dairy, Grain and Seed exhibition hall, a business office, refreshment booths and a stock enclosure were built. In addition to the Exhibition, a Ploughing Match, Steeple Chase, and Rifle Shoot were arranged.

Five to six thousand people were expected. They came by lake boat, wagon, horse and buggy, on horseback and on foot. In spite of the steamship delays and the attendant difficulties experienced by exhibitors and attendees alike, seven thousand people enjoyed the Fair. In spite of the rain, the grounds were as dry as if they had been artificially drained. The whole affair was a great success.

Subsequent Provincial fairs were held in Kingston, Niagara, Brockville, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford and Ottawa. Cobourg was once more the host of the Fair in 1855.

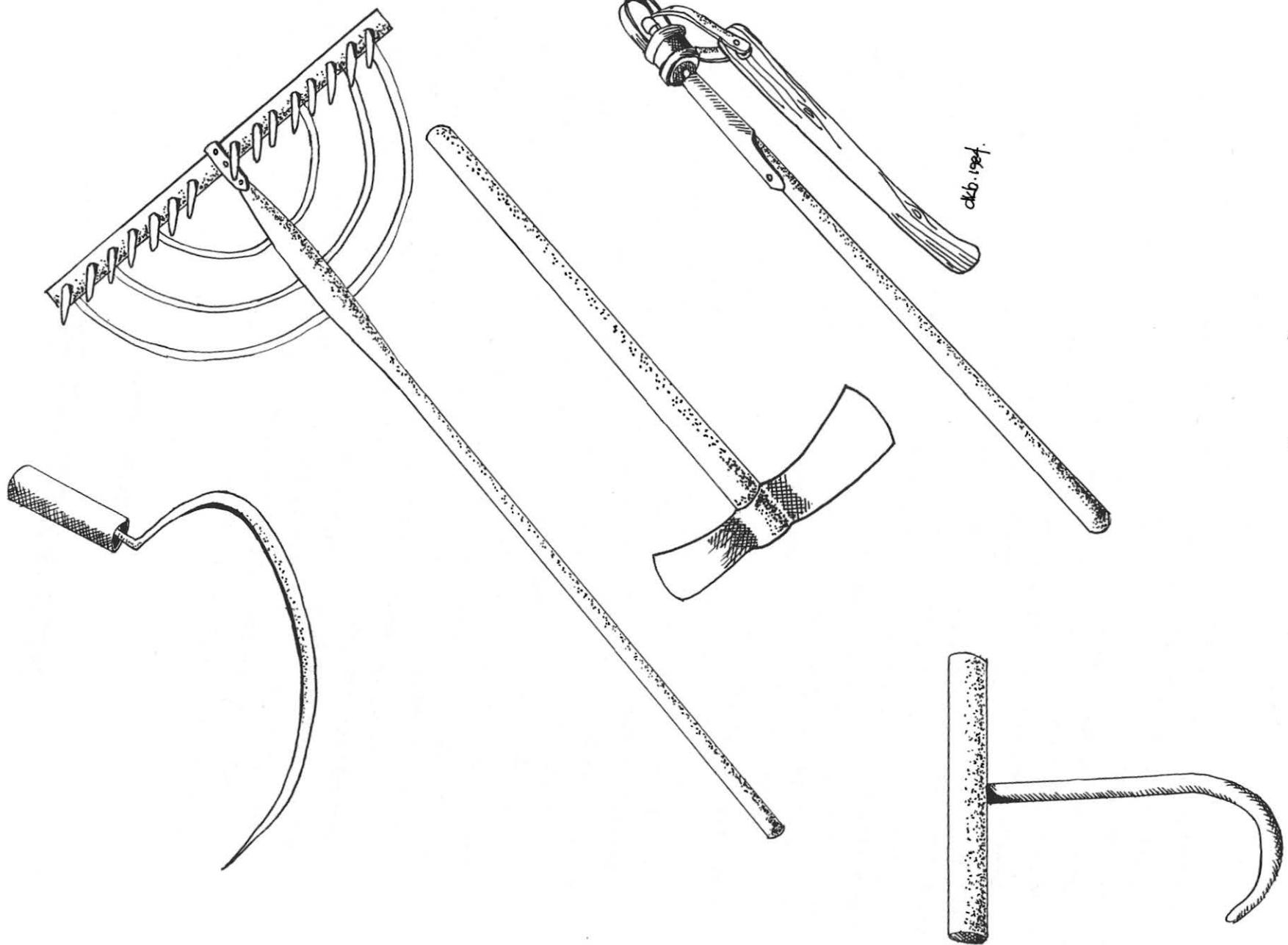
Strong local Agricultural Fairs (such as the Central Fair in Hamilton and the Western Fair in London) began to encroach on the field of the Provincial Exhibition. In 1879 an Industrial Exhibition was established in Toronto. The Provincial fairs became, in the 1880's, merely shows of cattle for breeders of livestock. The government cut off the grant in 1889 and the old show died out.

In its place, the Toronto show expanded into what became the Canadian National Exhibition.

"Our little systems have their day
They have their day, and cease to be."

farm tools

8



SOURCES OF COBOURG HISTORY IN THE ARCHIVES OF CANADA

Michael Newton

Much has been written about Cobourg's American families --their large houses, great parties and philanthropy. There is a wealth of information about Canada's (and Cobourg's) British connection: Imperial Canada. Queen Victoria's golden jubilee in 1897 was celebrated throughout her vast Empire, the largest empire in the history of the world, encompassing one quarter of the world's land mass and one quarter of the world's population. An account of Cobourg's celebration of the Jubilee is found in the June 25 issue of the Cobourg World. It inspired a great display of patriotism, with 2,000 school children singing "The Maple Leaf Forever" in Mulholland Park. Queen Victoria represented liberty from arbitrary law, and Canadian society sought peace, order and good government. Imperialism was seen as a positive force which brought about in Canada more than just a healthy economy. "The real value of a country must be weighed on balances more delicate than the balance of trade", wrote E.C.S. Huycke, one-time Mayor of Cobourg. The measure of a country "is not by wealth but by the character of its people."

Much can be discovered about Cobourg's early people, particularly the Loyalists, in the Upper Canada Land Petitions Index. Cobourg's first settler, Ilihud Nickerson, for instance, was an American-born Loyalist who served as a soldier and was imprisoned during the American Revolution. His petition to the Lieutenant Governor of Canada for a land deed in Hamilton Township, supported by letters of recommendation, can be read in full, as can that of many other early settlers.

Parish registers (for example those of St. Michael's Church) are another sort of record which tells the tales of early settlers, including many from Ireland who were here by the sad necessity of war and famine, and not from choice.

Similarly, letters written by "imperial observers" impart fresh and lively details about the impressions of travellers. One such letter writ-

ten in 1860, describes the seven-day sea voyage, the eleven-hour train trip from Montreal to Cobourg (a town of 7,000 inhabitants), and the land and city scapes which rewarded the traveller on arrival. This writer praised Victoria Hall as a memorial to Cobourg's "good taste", helping to offset that dismal pronouncement of Northrop Frye about nineteenth century Canada being "one of the most brutally inarticulate societies the world has ever known", devoid of "literacy and culture". The writer noted the complaints she heard about the high cost of labour, and painted a vivid picture of current fashion: ladies in Canada had delicate complexions; church-going women from the surrounding farms came to town in huge crinolines and hats and wore vivid colours. One householder reported having had to dismiss a cook since her crinolines were too large to get safely around the kitchen stove.

Maps are another invaluable source of local information. Details of Cobourg's harbour were mapped in 1835 and in subsequent years by civil engineers with the British Ordnance. Sandford Fleming's 1846 map of the town of Cobourg, requisitioned by the Board of Police, shows street names and early buildings.

The General Index in the Manuscript Room gives access under the heading "Newcastle District" to petitions of many sorts relating to the improvement of agricultural land, Hunters Lodge activity, surveying, the establishment of Cobourg as a port of entry, the erection of a parsonage, and so on.

The subject heading "Cobourg" is fruitful when using the Main Entry catalogue. Index to Military Records is another fertile source of local history, as is the Journal for the Legislative Assemblies of Upper and Lower Canada, the Upper Canada Gazette (particularly in connection with land sales), early Census records on microfiche (which enumerate households, their size, stock, buildings, number of servants and so on), small town Directories, the Journal of Education for Upper Canada (edited by Egerton Ryerson), Irish newspapers which give genealogical data for the mid-nineteenth century, and the records of the Ministry of Transportation, Canals and Railways for shipping and transport information.

James Morris, in "Farewell the Trumpets", summarizes his benevolent

view of the role of the Empire in the creation of Canada. It afforded the privilege to every man to "find a scrap of truth and apply it to humanity.... The arrogance and greed of empire is energy wasted."

"Love and knowledge", he asserts, "impel us toward the unity of all mankind."

AUNT LIZZIE REMINISCES - I

Lois Anne Verney

Time flew by. I was now fifteen and had been one of six bridesmaids at my sister Kate's wedding to Dr. Reade of Cobourg. At this time, there was a very select private boarding school at Cobourg and it was decided to send me there and allow me to spend my weekends with my sister Kate Reade.

There were just three other boarders at Miss Borrodaile's school for young ladies, and twenty day pupils. The boarders took their meals with the family, and table etiquette was gently taught. A light conversation was encouraged. I remember the treacle pudding which was most delicious. Captain Borrodaile was a retired Indian officer. Consequently we had many delicious curries and spicy Indian dishes.

Our clothing was very simple. In the winter we wore dark woollen dresses, with black taffeta for Sunday, and lustres and muslins in the summer. Our underclothing would appall the modern girl: long cotton chemises, flannel drawers, whale bone corsets made at home by the sewing woman, petticoats yards around and trimmed with embroideries.

The school was just opposite St. Peter's Church. The Reverend Mr. Bethune, who later became Bishop, was our Rector, and his son Charles assisted him. We were encouraged to teach Sunday School and enjoyed chats with young Mr. Charles, who was most attractive. It was a great disappointment to the young ladies of Cobourg when it was rumoured that he was engaged to a Miss Ferlong of Toronto.

The most thrilling event of my school days was in 1860 when the young Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, visited Canada. Cobourg was a flourishing town of some importance and was included in the Prince's itinerary. The new Town Hall, a very grand modern building, had just been completed, and it was decided to open it with a Reception and Ball for the visiting Royalty and his suite.

Everybody in town and in the country around was agog over the impending

celebration: new gowns, decorations, surmises as to who should dance with the Prince were the topics of the day. Many handsome gowns and wraps had been ordered from the city and locally from Mrs. Connell's.

The Prince's party came from Belleville by boat late in the summer afternoon and there were few properly cooked dinners in Cobourg that evening as mistresses, maids and cooks flocked to join in the welcome. The Prince and his party were entertained by the Hon. Sydney Smith, and Colonel Boulton acted as aide-de-camp during their brief visit.

A room adjacent to the Ballroom in the Town Hall had been set aside for the Prince's party, richly furnished with beaded chairs and couches loaned by Mrs. Weller. The table had a beautiful centrepiece of silver filled with huge peaches and delicious-looking green and purple grapes which came from Niagara.

Never shall I forget the evening of the Ball. Many charming girls danced with the Prince that night. The Ballroom with its blazing gas fixtures ablaze with light, gay uniforms and handsome gowns was a fairyland to me. After the Prince departed at midnight, there was a great rush to see who could be first to drink out of his wine glass; I do not remember participating in this.

These notes were written from tales Aunt Lizzie used to entertain us with when she visited with us in Toronto in 1921, 1922 and 1923 and in Woodstock up to 1927 or 1928 when she died. She was a wonderful little person, very pretty and gentle, full of the zest of life and loved by all. She lived the last of her life with her sisters, Aunt Julia and Aunt Maggie in the big house in Newcastle and made her famous angel cake and lemon butter tarts for all the family doings and church events. I am only sorry that we did not get more of her early experiences down for our children and grandchildren.

Norah M. Wilmot, wife of Allan G. Wilmot.

AUNT LIZZIE REMINISCES - II

Lois Anne Verney

It is a long time ago indeed since I remember sitting by the kitchen fireplace engaged in my Saturday morning task. The little one of the household made the weekly supply of "tallow dips" and I could not have been more than six years old when I knelt by the great round pan of melted beef fat dipping my stick of suspended candle wicks in and out of the warm tallow. When this got so heavy that my small arm could hardly lift it, Mother would call out, "That will do now Lizzie, they are large enough." I would go on to the task of polishing the many brass candle sticks that we used daily. Sperm candles were a luxury and only used on special occasions. How delighted we were when lamps came in. Hanging lamps were considered very elegant but years later, when gas was discovered and became general, we thought nothing could surpass it as the last word in illumination.

My father, Col. Allan Wilmot, was proud of the fact that he had walked, in the year 1816, from "Little York" to the thousand acre farm that Grandfather (Major Wilmot) had taken up three miles east of Bowmanville in Clark County.

On a forty-five mile walk, as a lad of twelve, father had accompanied a farm hand who was driving the family live stock to the new home, "Belmont", just being completed and built as an exact copy of the old United Empire Loyalist homestead in New Brunswick. What would you think, father if you could make that same journey today over a four-lane highway of amazing smoothness, or perhaps by air? Inconceivable to you as you trudged along in your cowhide boots behind your strolling cattle. Little did such thoughts enter your contented young mind as you trod the peaceful forest trail.

At the age of 29 Father courted and won the favour of Julia Ann Turner (the fair maid of Quinte) and rode regularly the long journey to Belleville to visit her. He used to tell us that as he neared his destination he would draw his horse up by some road side pool and tidy himself by the shining water.

After his marriage he lived with Grandfather until the big timbered and wide boarded farm house was built and it, with one hundred and sixty acres of land, became his and he proceeded his own way and headed a large family.

Our ways were peaceful and simple one hundred years ago. In the early winter a fatted steer would be butchered and hung in the wood house. I can remember father making a rite of cooking a steak. The grid was placed over a glowing bed of hardwood coals and the thick steak nicely browned on each side, when it would be removed to a great platter, bathed in sweet butter, seasoned and put back on the coals for further broiling. It was very delicious, and that and bread baked in the huge brick oven remain happy memories. Fourteen large loaves of bread and a little crusty one that we all loved best, a number of dried fruit pies, and the week's baking would be finished.

In the spring of the year, a young calf would be slaughtered and hung in the cool depths of the great dirt-floored cellar. All the supplies were housed there - home-cured hams and bacon sides hung from the ceiling, stone crocks of jams and preserves, pumpkin and ginger, barrels of cider, maple molasses (maple syrup), vegetables, apples, dried fruits. I remember dried cherries as being particularly delicious; one never sees them nowadays.

The cider must have been particularly potent, as a humiliated young Scottish servant could testify. She had been sent to the cellar to sort potatoes and was found sprawled among the sprouting cobblers, gloriously tipsy.

Farmers led such busy lives that there was little time for ornamental gardening but my father was an exception and loved his garden. Asparagus was well known and we had almost every vegetable except celery. Tomatoes were grown but were brought in and put on the mantel piece to be admired, a rich red and very beautiful. We had all the small fruits and large English gooseberries. Black currant jam and English stewed gooseberries were popular for Sunday tea. I can see Aunt Burnham's walnut table that had been polished until it shone like a pool of gleaming rain water.

The travelling shoemaker usually spent a fortnight with us each year, using our tanned leathers. He measured my foot carefully, muttering, "You have a nice little foot but not as small as your Aunt Burnham's." A small

foot and a handsome bust were decided assets in those days. A bust was never referred to. A gentleman might speak of a certain lady as having a "handsome neck and shoulders" and one inferred the rest.

The travelling tailor also came annually and made suits and ulsters for the men of thick woollen materials made from our own wool, which had been sent to the factory and, for twenty five cents a yard, woven into homespuns, plaids, and blankets when necessary.

When we grew older we had breathtaking expeditions to Toronto, where we shopped in a little place on King Street (Hughes, I think) for "coming out" and wedding silks and satins. They had lovely imported materials and fine wools. Later, we went to Murrays (which became Murray-Kay's). My first pair of bought shoes were worn on my first train journey and I am quite sure the marvels and thrills of the train could not surpass the joy of my beautiful "Prunella" cloth shoes. They had black kid toes and heels, the buttonholes were scalloped, and they had shiny red buttons. Luxury, indeed.

I wonder if modern children in their beautifully run summer camps experience the real enjoyment that we did on our summer holidays, picnicking, fishing for trout in Wilmot Creek, driving in our little pony cart to take the harvesters their mid-morning and afternoon refreshment. What a contrast to our noisy farm machinery today. The lovely peace of those sunbathed fields, with the quiet swish of the scythes and the drowsy twittering of birds! The grain in those days was cradled, and a large number of men would be at work. We took them great steaming pots of coffee made from ground peas, or tea and large buttered buns. Father would call out, "Come on, boys", and they would all sit around in a circle and soon finish their snack. Then came the welcome moment. Father would produce a little brown jug and a tiny glass and they would all stand up and receive their measure of whisky straight from the jug. Work was resumed with great gusto.

When I was seven I started school. Stained brown from the weather, the little school building had never known paint. Its wooden forms and benches were hard and uncomfortable. The great wood stove had a yawning crack that occasionally belched flame and smoke. I hated the cold and would huddle around the big heater while the other children rushed out to play "Red Line" and other games.

A number of great boys would attend during the winter when they were not busy on the farms and I fell in love with Harry Jones. He brought me beautiful red apples, polished no doubt on the sleeve of his homespun jacket. The school was supported by the country families who sent their children and boarded the teacher in turn. We were taught reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic. I disliked arithmetic and asked if I might take history instead. Mother had read it aloud to us and interested us in the romance. Mr. Scott, our teacher, was much astonished and I can see his face now as he said hesitatingly, "Well, yes, I suppose you could but I would have to send away for a Book".

Mr. Jeremiah O'Leary was another teacher and we liked him very much. He had a brother who was an amateur phrenologist and sometimes he would come and read our hands during recess. He felt the bumps behind my small ears and said I had an amative disposition. I was almost chagrinned when I found out what the word meant. Jeremiah O'Leary did so well with the large boys that he was requested by the Hon. John Simpson, whose boys attended the school, to return for another term. The cat-o'-nine-tails was administered when necessary.

Later on I went with my brother Asa to Mr. Boates' academy in Newcastle. This was a three-mile walk but we took our lunch in little baskets made by the Indians. On very stormy days it was arranged that we stay at the school all night. There were several boarders and we enjoyed the dancing and fun and hoped for bad weather. We took French, dancing and drawing as extras. Miss Massey (an aunt of Hon. Vincent Massey's), taught us drawing. She later married Mr. Boates. Government-supported schools came into effect about this time. Mr. Boates' Academy became disbanded and he became an Inspector of Public Schools.

THE REVEREND FRANCIS PATRICK DUFFY

Col. Gordon King

The Reverend Francis Patrick Duffy, D.D., was born on May 2, 1871, in a house at the corner of King Street West and Fourth Street in Cobourg. He was the third child of Patrick Duffy and his wife, Mary Reddy, both of whom were of Irish extraction. Young Frank attended school at St. Michael's School, and at Cobourg Collegiate Institute, where he achieved a first-class teaching certificate at the end of two years. He entered St. Michael's College in Toronto on a scholarship the following year, in 1888, becoming a faculty member in 1891 and continuing for four years, exhibiting over all this time the qualities of a brilliant mind.

Upon graduation Francis Duffy moved to New York to teach and to work for a Master of Arts degree at St. Francis Xavier University. At the age of twenty-three, on completion of his degree, he felt called to the vocation of the priesthood. His subsequent ordination took place in his own parish at St. Michael's Church in Cobourg on September 16, 1896. The church was newly completed and Father Murray had successfully sought the permission of the Archbishop of New York to have the ordination celebrated in Cobourg. It was the first ever ordination of one of the St. Michael's parishioners. After saying his first Holy Mass in St. Michael's he left to take up a teaching position at the Catholic University of America in Washington from 1896 to 1898, and at the St. Joseph's Seminary in Dunwoody, achieving his Doctor of Divinity in 1905.

In 1912 he left the Seminary, as he was appointed to establish a new parish of Our Saviour in the Bronx, New York. There was no church; he rented a vacant grocery store. Such was his energy and appeal that within two years he had a combination of church and school building with a nursery and a club room for boys where all lads, of whatever age or faith, could amuse themselves. The story is told of a priest who came into the club house to get some volunteers to do some gardening. Of the five volunteers, two were Catholic, two were Jewish and one was a Protestant, a

really ecumenical movement which in later years he carried over into the trenches in France.

Father Duffy's military career was distinguished. In 1914 he was appointed Chaplain of the 69th Regiment of the National Guard of New York. At this time the United States was having difficulties along the Mexican border. The United States entered World War I on April 6, 1917, and the "Fighting 69th" was again called out, becoming the 165th Infantry Regiment of the Rainbow Division.

When Father Duffy returned to New York in 1919 he had been awarded the DSC, DSM, Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre avec palme for distinguished service, and was appointed Senior Chaplain of the Division.

Father Duffy resumed his old parish for about one-and-a-half years, and was appointed Pastor of Holy Cross parish in New York, where he served until his death on June 26, 1932.

His was the largest funeral ever held in New York City. Thousands lined the streets, and hundreds attended the Requiem Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Such was the love and respect he engendered that Catholic, Protestant and Jewish chaplains alike paid tribute to him. A few years after his death a memorial to him was raised in Times Square.

Father Duffy was always very fond of his home town of Cobourg. He used to spend many of his holidays here in his early years. In December 1913 he attended a ceremony in St. Michael's Church when Father Murray was being honoured. In November 1919 he was honoured by the Cobourg Legion, and he gave a lecture in Victoria Hall on Tuesday, November 18 which was reported in the Cobourg World of the 21st. This lecture was under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. To this day he is still honoured here, as the local Chapter of the Knights of Columbus is known as the Rev. Father F.P. Duffy Chapter.

To sum up, I am grateful to Mr. Paul Leonard for the loan of a biography of Father Duffy, and I quote from its foreword by John J. Mitty, Archbishop of San Francisco:

"Father Duffy was a many-sided character: student, scholar, teacher, writer, priest, pastor, preacher, lecturer, chaplain, citizen, patriot; and crowning all his talents was a great simplicity of character and a marvellous sense of humour that made him kin to every soul of good will."

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

Dr. D.E. Mikel

At the time of the American Revolution (1775-1783) there were about two million colonists. About a quarter of them (or 500,000) were loyal, or attempted to remain loyal, to Britain. At the end of the war, only 50,000 Loyalists emigrated; the other nine-tenths stayed to make peace with their neighbours as best they could.

There were Loyalists in all of the thirteen Colonies. They were not distinguished by class or by religion. Their ethnic backgrounds, too, were varied: English, Irish, Scottish, Dutch, German, French Huguenot, North American Indian and Negro. Thirty thousand Loyalist emigrants came to Canada - initially to Quebec and Nova Scotia (which then included P.E.I. and New Brunswick). Others returned to Britain, or settled in Florida, Jamaica and the British West Indies. Many of the negroes, who had become emancipated upon joining the British regiments, were sent to settle in Sierra Leone.

Some of the Loyalist emigrants came because their lives were in danger, others to join their friends and relatives, to acquire new land, or from purely patriotic motives.

The Loyalist immigrants to Canada can be divided into five groupings. There were the soldiers (and their families) of the Provincial Regiments who had fought for Britain, and who entered Canada when the regiments were disbanded after the war. There were Indian people (mostly Mohawk). Many Quakers, who for religious reasons had remained neutral during the conflict, were the owners of prosperous farms, and fled to avoid persecution. There were British and German regular soldiers who took their discharge on this side of the waters rather than return home. There were many civilian Loyalists who had had government offices, or who were in some way marked by their neighbours as opponents of the Revolution.

Strictly speaking, it is the first-named group to which the appellation U.E.L. applies. Lord Dorchester became the Governor of Canada toward the end of the war. He decided that those American Colonists who had served under the King during the Revolution could put U.E. (Unity of Empire) after

their names as a mark of honour. This privilege was accorded to all descendants (male or female), and a grant of 200 acres of land was to be made to Loyalists upon the attainment of 21 years of age.

Although the greatest number of Loyalists left the colonies in 1783 and 1784, Lieutenant Governor Simcoe invited a final migration of Loyalists in 1790, offering grants of land. These people may be regarded as a sixth group of Loyalists.

A map of North America for this period shows Quebec extending farther south than it does today, and New York State as Indian Territory. The Hudson and Mohawk river valleys were settled with vast estates and the Hudson was protected by a series of forts.

The war was run from two locations: the northern theatre from Quebec City and Montreal and the central theatre from New York City. The type of fighting was determined by the geography of these locations (the central theatre, for instance, had roads, allowing for more extensive transport of weaponry), as was the subsequent pattern of emigration after Britain's defeat.

The Loyalist regiments had thirty thousand soldiers of all arms--- cavalry, infantry and artillery. Large regiments like the New Jersey Volunteers contained four battalions; others consisted of small troops of fifty to sixty men.

The Queen's Rangers were under the command of Col. John Graves Simcoe. After the war they built the old Block House (now part of the Old Fort York), the Government buildings of Toronto and Yonge Street (from York to Lake Simcoe). It is still a militia regiment, today known as the Queen's York Rangers. Provincial troops wore green uniforms, as distinguished from the British redcoats, but when, as the war wore on, green cloth became harder to obtain, the shift to red was made by most of the other regiments. The Queen's Rangers wore green to the end. Another corps, The British Legion, distinguished themselves in the New York theatre and became known as the "scourge of the Carolinas". Colonel Bannister Tarleton was the commander in the British Legion; it is from his family that the Reverend T. A. Tarleton of Cobourg is indirectly descended.

Butler's Regiment was most active in the northern theatre. Its men were familiar with Indian methods of fighting. One of their many exploits was to travel on foot to Kentucky and successfully ambush Daniel Boone and

several hundred of his Kentucky Riflemen in 1782. The regiment's headquarters was at Niagara Falls, where many of its members settled after the war.

The New Jersey Volunteers fought in the New York sector. Many of its members moved to New Brunswick at the end of the war.

The Loyal Rangers were formed from the Queen's Loyal Rangers after the disastrous Battle of Saratoga. They were garrisoned at a chain of forts along the Richelieu River. The Loyal Rangers were known for their success in small raids involving intelligence activities and ran messages from Montreal to New York City. Its members later settled in Upper Canada.

The King's Royal Regiment of New York (or Johnson's Royal Greens) was raised by Sir John Johnson, who had a vast estate on the Mohawk River. He was on good terms with the Indians; his father had first married the sister of Joseph Brant. Johnson and his tenants fled to Canada, arriving at St. Regis on the St. Lawrence River, after 16 days of hardship, to find Montreal captured by the Americans. Johnson organized men to recapture the city, but upon arrival found that it had been retaken. Thus was this famous regiment raised.

Many raids were conducted by segments of a number of regiments in co-operation - one involved as many as four.

Toward the end, when it became clear that the Americans were winning, refugees began to arrive. Lord Haldimand at first intended to settle the refugees in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. Ontario was to remain occupied by the Indians. It was seen, however, that Ontario offered excellent potential for farming; that the Seigniorial Tenure system of landholding in Quebec was unlikely to appeal to the new settlers; that the Townships were in awfully close proximity to the Americans, inviting further altercations; and that a solid core of people of British background in Upper Canada might best promote the aims of the British in Canada. Thus in 1782 began extensive surveying of land in Upper Canada.

Two groups of townships were laid out - the Royal Townships (named after George III's many children) and the more westerly Cataraqui Townships. The townships were "conceded" to the various regiments and thus arose the word concession to describe part of a township.

The Mohawks settled in Tyendinaga (the Mohawk name for Joseph Brant)

Township and along the Grand River near Brantford. A mission took place at great risk, with a raid into American territory to retrieve a buried communion service given to the Chiefs by Queen Anne. Half the service went to Brantford, half stayed in Deseronto where, each May, a service is still held in the Chapel there, using this communion set, to commemorate their coming to Canada.

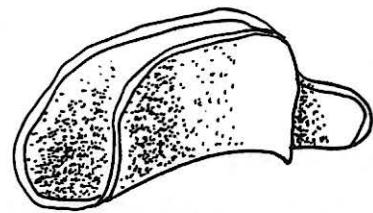
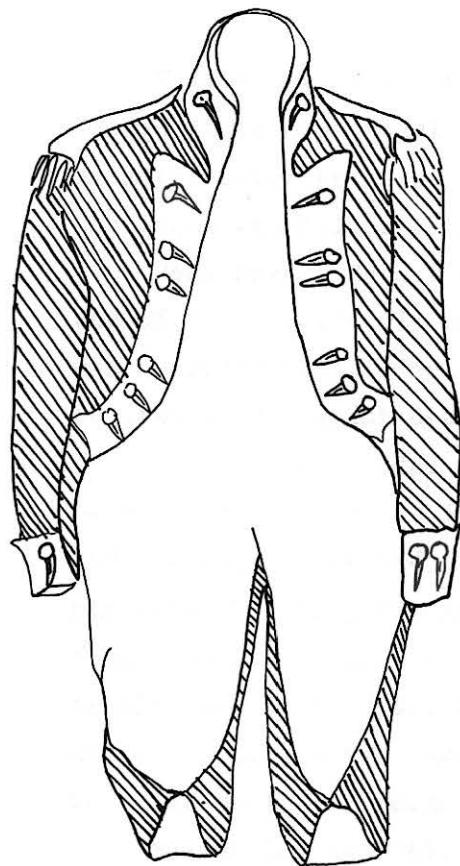
As the surveying took place, so too did a boat building programme. The boats held about forty people, twelve boats making a brigade. The first brigade of settlers arrived in Hay Bay on June 16, 1874.

Settlers drew lots for their land. They were obliged to build, clear acreage, improve the land and build a road across the front of their properties. One very sore issue for the settlers arose from the government policy of reserving two lots out of every seven - one for the clergy and one for the Crown. The two lots were arranged side by side and back to back with the lots on the neighbouring Concession. This left blocks of virgin forest one and a half miles wide by two and a half miles deep with no road - a haven for predatory animals. A second hardship of many was the lack of a local milling facility. People had to carry their wheat over untamed terrain to Kingston and back.

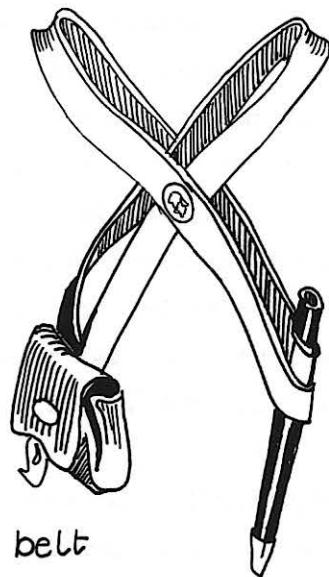
One United Empire Loyalist who settled here was Godlove Mikel. He was born in Brunswick, a Duchy in Northern Germany, in 1758 and came to New York early in the war as a German mercenary soldier. (Rulers of state in those days rented their troops to other governments.) In New York, Godlove transferred into the British regular army. He served throughout most of the war and was badly wounded, and, when it was drawing to an end, went to Lower Canada to join the Provincial troops. In May, 1782, he joined Jessup's Loyal Rangers where he was enrolled in the company of Captain John Walden Meyers who was later to found Belleville. When the Rangers disbanded in 1783 he joined the 2nd Battalion of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, which disbanded in the following year. Eventually he settled with his wife and nine children in Ameliasburg on one hundred acres of land later expanded to about 1,000 through other grants.

The Loyalists didn't bring much with them in the way of material things, but they brought a way of life, a respect for legal authority, and maintained the right to participatory democracy from their New England

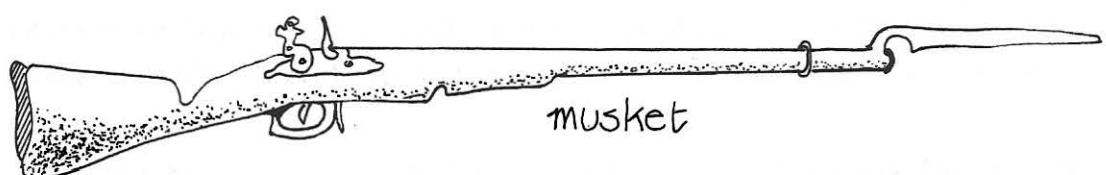
meetings. To them we owe the development not only of this province and the maritimes but to establishing the traditions and systems of government under which we now live.



military uniform 1775

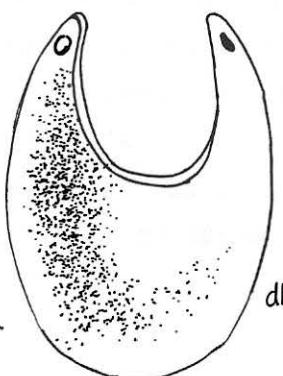
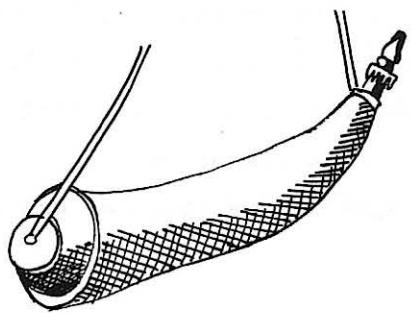


cross belt



musket

powder horn



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THE STORY OF ESTHER ROBINSON, UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST

Stewart Bagnani

This story is about Esther Sayer, my great, great grandmother. Although it is a personal narrative about one United Empire Loyalist woman, it might serve to stand for the adventures and the things which happened to the women who followed their men to this remote and strange country.

John Sayer, Esther's father, was an Anglican clergyman who had had one of those perfectly charming New England churches in Connecticut. He was a representative of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and so travelled a great deal and got to know a lot of people.

In 1783 he decided he could no longer live under what he considered to be a revolutionary and disloyal government. He packed up his communion plate and his own silver and a few belongings and went to the port of Boston with his wife, his daughter Esther and his two small boys. Half way there they found the plate chest was too heavy for them and had to abandon it. The family took ship to St. John where John Sayer was soon given a parish. They did pass through that dreadful first winter in St. John with its cutting of wood and making of rough shelters.

Meanwhile, in 1781, there was a young man named Christopher Robinson, who was at William and Mary College near Williamsburg, Virginia. He found that his family was not so awfully keen to leave its plantation to go to Canada, so he went off to an uncle in New York. Christopher's uncle was a passionate Loyalist; indeed he had raised the Loyal American Regiment as early as 1776, largely from his tenants. He had 40,000 acres on the banks of the Hudson.

Christopher served in the Regiment, which later was fused to the Queen's Rangers under no less a personage than John Graves Simcoe. He was in several engagements and was very possibly wounded. The Queen's Regiment was moved north to Nova Scotia after the surrender at Yorktown, Virginia.

Christopher arrived in St. John in 1783. It was said that in that winter, women who had gone all through the war sat with their children and

wept for the first time. After all, they were displaced people, and the scene which faced them must have looked very bleak.

Esther and Christopher somehow met in this peculiar society and fell terribly in love. They married in 1784; he was not quite twenty-one and she, I suppose, was about eighteen. There was a very stiff note from Christopher's uncle, who was then in England, saying that he was ashamed of him and appalled that Christopher, with no prospects and no money, should even think of marrying. But in 1784 the young didn't pay any more attention to their elders than they do today.

Lack of opportunity in New Brunswick probably prompted Christopher's move in 1788 westward up the River to L'Assomption, and then on to Berthier, small communities mid-way between Trois-Riviers and Montreal. I think this probably wasn't a very happy time for them. However they did stay four years before moving to Kingston. The move must have been a great relief, at least for Esther. At least it was a port and a ship-building town, and there were people that they already knew from the Queen's Rangers there. Indeed, Simcoe turned up there and Christopher said he was "the best friend I ever met with since I left my Virginia connections". Simcoe found Christopher in great want and found him a job. He was appointed Deputy Surveyor of Woods and Reserves. At least it gave him a bit of a salary and some sort of allowance.

Two children were born in Kingston; Esther and William Benjamin. Christopher studied law; he became a Queen's Bencher and a Member of the Legislature for that ancient riding of Lennox and Addington.

In 1798 the family moved to York, perhaps at the urging of Simcoe. The move must have filled Esther and Christopher with great hopes. They had ordered a house to be built for them at the mouth of the Don. It wasn't ready for them when they arrived: however, they did have a house of some kind. Christopher died three weeks after their arrival there.

Esther was very much alone. Her father had died in New Brunswick, Simcoe had left and Uncle Beverley Robinson, too, had died.

Peter was by now thirteen, and the man of the house. He was taken under the wing, so to speak, of the Garrison. Officers rallied round; they took him fishing and shooting, which helped to supply the larder. Game was easy to get, the fish were marvellous, and they had venison in the winter.

Esther was, no doubt, short of money. She sent a petition to Governor Wentworth in Nova Scotia saying that she was a distressed widow with six children to participate in her distress. She must have been about thirty-two.

I think that Peter's successful immigration schemes must have been aided by his practical knowledge of what was needed by people coming fresh to this country. He arranged for the settling of Irish immigrants in the Peterborough area which was named for him.

Muddy York had about eight hundred inhabitants. A charming water-colour sketch of York in 1803, five years after Esther arrived, depicts a tidy scene, with squared log buildings, and rather grand Parliament Buildings. There were good shops: in 1805 a shop had just opened, they say, and imported from New York all kinds of trimmings, laces, silk for gowns, muslin, pretty dimity, cambric, calico and all kinds of other goodies. Several kinds of teas were obtainable and all kinds of spices.

The education of the children must have bothered Esther a bit. Peter had the advantage of the garrison and an old Kingston friend, Dr. Stuart, had taken John Beverley, age seven, off to Bishop Strachan's famous school in Cornwall. Mary was eleven and Sarah, nine. Just how they got educated is a bit of a puzzle. There were no schools yet founded. But there were people available, sturdy English governess types, who undertook to teach. At any rate they did very well. Mary married Stephen Heward, who was an Englishman of private means, and Sarah married D'Arcy Boulton and became mistress of the Grange which was the grandest house in York at the time.

In 1803 a gentleman called Elisha Beman was made administrator of Christopher's estate. A good businessman, he had several mills in Newmarket, and he married Esther in 1805. At last she had a haven.

She had her nervous moments, undoubtedly. During the War of 1812 Stephen raised a troop to roust the Americans. Peter distinguished himself at Michilimackinac. John Beverley was at the Battle of Queenston Heights. When he returned home to York he was made assistant to the Attorney General at the age of twenty-one and settled into a life of law. Peter became the manager of one of Mr. Beman's mills at Newmarket.

John Beverley went to England about 1816 and his brother Peter writes, "Mother is very well, in very good health and must always be busy about

something, ever ready to help anybody. Indeed she carries her goodness to an extreme". Well, I think she knew that people needed helping.

She lived to see Peter's first two immigration schemes take place. She died in 1827 and was buried in the little Anglican cemetery in Newmarket.

Ontario would have been very different if we had had no Loyalists.

TALL TREES, TALL MEN, TALL TALES OF ONTARIO'S EARLY LUMBERING ERA

Barbara Garrick

During the Bicentennial of our province, it is most appropriate to review Ontario's history and to search for heroes, the tall men, so to speak, who braved the raging rivers, twisting trails and endless forests, seeking a good life for themselves and their families.

From the lumbercamps of the Ottawa River and our own Great Pine Ridge come tales which offer a glimpse of the challenge and excitement experienced by those who became Upper Canada's "shantymen"; the adventurous, daring lumberjacks who "rode herd" on the great logdrives as they floated down to Trenton, Ottawa or Quebec City. Fortunately such Ontario writers as Bernie Bedore and Joan Finnegan and Donald Mackay have made the effort to transcribe from the oral histories of the few surviving loggers their descriptions of life in the days of the timber trade.

Joan Finnegan offers this analysis of the interactions of the loggers, foremen and timber barons of the Ottawa River region:

"And the Ottawa Valley was a frontier of a unique kind of forest frontier. Unlike the western frontier which called for fast, ingenious, hardy gun-slinging men who could ride and cowpunch on an hour's sleep a night, the forest frontier needed huge muscled men who could wield a broadaxe, coax a team up a mountain, load timbers weighing tons. Their battles, therefore, were the battles of Titans."

Who were the Titans whose battles against the forest, the intense cold and deep snow, the river rapids, and each other set the woods a-ring with the sounds of their axes during the lumbering years?

One of the first Titans to ascend the Ottawa River and evaluate its wealth in land and timber was Philemon Wright of Woburn, Massachusetts. He sold his farm in Woburn and recruited a small band of men and women who wished to join him in founding a new colony. In the year 1800, up the four hundred miles of road they came by stage-coach to Montreal and then to Hull Township, choosing their site at the mouth of the Gatineau River.

Wright set about to become a settler and farmer. However, in five years he had spent the \$20,000 gained from selling his original farm.

Wright heard there was money to be made from selling logs to Quebec City. No one, other than the Voyageurs with their freight canoes, had dared to descend the Ottawa. Wright decided to take the chance and contracted to bring the timber to Quebec by July 31, 1806. Donald MacKay, in his book Lumberjacks, tells of their odyssey.

Wright and four men started down the Ottawa on a raft consisting of 700 logs, 6,000 barrel staves and a deck cargo of boards. Half-way down, his raft broke up several times due to the turbulent conditions. It took Wright a month to pilot the raft through the rapids at the Long Sault on the Lower Ottawa. Wright navigated his raft north of Montreal to miss the Lachine rapids and he arrived in Quebec two months later, too late to honour his contract. It was November before this lumberman could sell his cargo.

Wright was undaunted by the difficulties and, having found a way to make money, decided to continue in the lumber business. Wright became known as the "father of the Ottawa Valley logging industry". His courage, ingenuity and search for cash to pay off his debts combined to make him a leader in the industry. He was the founder of the rafting business and also of the village of Wrightsville, later to become Hull, Quebec.

It was Britain's defense against the invasion of Napoleon that fully stimulated the logging industry. By the 1820's, British North America was supplying three-quarters of England's timber and from the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence, the eastern shores of Lake Ontario and the Ottawa Valley, the great rafts of timber raced down to Wolfe's Cove at Quebec City. Manning these early rafts were lumbermen who went out in small crews with a team of oxen, some axes, some salt pork, beans, a good cook and a barrel of rum.

By the 1840's, however, the timber trade had burgeoned and in place of the small crews were great companies of men who worked by contract to the lumber companies which had been established. A few of these small companies grew into incredibly large operations.

Mackay provides the description of one such organization and the Irish immigrant who, within a few years of arriving on the Canadian frontier, was able to be owner of the huge lumbering concern.

"John Eagan, an Irish immigrant from Galway, arrived on the Ottawa in the 1830's, and progressed in ten years from merely supplying provisions to lumber camps to owning them. He thought nothing of hiring 3,800 men to cut wood and

400 teams to haul supplies - 6,000 barrels of pork and 10,000 barrels of flour each winter. Eagan, who sent fifty-five rafts down to Quebec City each summer in the mid-1840's succeeded Philemon Wright as "King of the Ottawa".

Big business it was, and the words of an old lumberjack song express the challenge and the responsibility of being a "contract logger":

Come all you jolly fellows
How would you like to go
And spend the winter in the woods
Of Canaday-i-o?

It's sure we'll pay your wages,
We'll pay your passage out;
But you must sign the papers
That you will stay the route.

But if you should get homesick
And say back home you'll go
We will not pay your passage
From Canaday-i-o.

Thousands of men were now involved in the lumber business, and they signed on the dotted line to serve the winter until the timber was cut, piled on the river ice, and the drive was off to Quebec.

Their home-away-from-home was a construction known as a camboose shanty: a log structure forty feet by thirty-five with a small door in one end, and with no windows. In the roof was a hole twelve feet square, surrounded by a square chimney of flattened timber five or six feet high and tapered to about eight feet square at the top. Through that hole came all the light and ventilation: "Not much light but lots of ventilation", jokes Mackay. The chimney let out the smoke from the camboose stove which was in the centre of the floor. Along the walls were tiers of bunks where men slept on a bedding of balsam boughs or hay. Each man received a pair of heavy grey wool blankets. Two men slept together with their feet to the fire comfortably, according to Mackay's description.

By the 1850's, 10,000 men were living in such shanties and receiving their meals from the great camboose fires. Pork and beans, bread, and tea "strong enough to float an axe" was the bill of fare. In these early shanties men received their food in a metal basin directly from the cook and sat along the sides of their bunks to eat. Food was good and plentiful, if plain and of limited variety: hard-working loggers, ravenously hungry after long hours in

the woods, consumed mountains of it. After the mid-1800's, due to the rise of temperance societies, liquor was forbidden in the shanties, but it appears that camaraderie was a highly attractive feature of the camps. Men in the lumber camps were disciplined by the strict company routines established to control the men and ensure high production. They left their bunks before dawn and returned after sunset. Those who had to feed the teams rose even earlier, about 4:00 a.m. Necessarily, evenings were short, and "lights out" was called at 9:00 p.m.

Production of timber became an industry of specialized workers. There was a hierarchy which stretched from cook's helper to the timber cruisers who roamed the virgin forest estimating the vast amount of timber in a section. Each group of workers developed pride in their skills, and competition between crews and between logging companies was very keen. A cutter, for example, would drive a stake into the ground where he expected the tree to fall. Then, by notching the tree with an axe on the side nearest the stake, and pushing from the other side, he could pull the tree onto his mark. Trimmers then removed the branches. Next came the hewer with his broad axe to square the timber. His ability to follow the chalk line drawn along the log and square off its sides is immortalized in the ballad of Hogan's Lake:

Bill Hogan was our hewer's name, I
mean to let you know:
Full fourteen inches of the line he'd
split with every blow.
He swung his axe so freely, he
did his work so clean
If you saw the timber squared
by him,
You'd swear he used a plane.

Such were the colourful boasts of the timber camps as the men of each company vied with each other to cut the most trees, square the timber cleanest, and pile the logs highest on the sleighs.

From the Trent Valley comes our next tale which describes the excitement, challenge and danger inherent in moving one of the huge timbers destined to become a mast from the forest onto the river ice. From the Peterborough Daily Evening Review of October 27, 1902, comes one of the "Reminiscences of Robert Harrison". Picture a tree trunk long and large enough to hold all of the camp's men on its surface, being hauled by twenty-two span of horses controlled

by riders through the forest to the ice.

"The largest piece of square timber ever taken out in Asphodel was cut ... by men employed by Foley and Grover of Norwood. The stump of the tree, where cut, was seven feet six inches in diameter, and the piece contained nine hundred and sixty cubic feet of timber. Every man in the shanty, cook included, got on the piece and danced jigs, reels and hornpipes on its surface to the music of the fiddle for the two miles' distance between the shanty and the landing place at the forks of the Ouse ..."

"The huge pine had been hauled to the top of the ridge above the river. Now we get an exciting picture of the dangerous descent."

"The preliminary order, "tighten up", then the command, "All together", were responded to very closely, yet very quietly, for the men seemed impressed with a sense of unusual danger from the ice beneath. All seemed, instinctively, to become silent, save for an occasional word of direction, soon changed to the fiery urging to the far ahead lead to "clear the way" as the occasional swish of the lead-chain on the icy slope or the clanking of the whipple-trees against the heels of the horses indicated that the mast sleigh with its ponderous load was coming with an ever-increasing momentum and carrying death and destruction to everything caught or overtaken in the descent. Urton Hill, my trusty lieutenant, had in the meantime daringly mounted the mast, immediately in the rear of the chain, and was carrying a keen-edge six-pound blocking axe in his hands, which he used in lieu of a balancing pole. Every horse had soon reached the ice and all were galloping at the top of their speed; the mast was well-nigh full length from the shore when the ice suddenly broke under the great strain, and mast, sleigh, and twelve span of the rear horses were in a moment, with their riders, floundering in the mass of broken ice and water. Ten span of the forward horses were yet on sound ice; there remained not a single moment to be lost, otherwise all might be lost with it. Instantly the command "Cut the Mast Chain" was given, and Hill's axe swept down upon it like a flash, completely severing it at one blow."

Harrison's tale illustrates the life-and-death situations which often developed in the timber operations.

While huge logs for masts were shipped in one piece, most trunks were cut into logs and piled in the forest during the autumn. Then when the cutting was complete and the snow available to make sledding easier, great piles of

logs were loaded onto sleighs to be hauled to the river ice. Mackay records that some of these loads weighed twenty to thirty tons and could be hauled by two horses once started over "roads polished to glare ice smoothness."

The "ice road" was the secret of moving the gigantic loads of logs. In December, level stretches were plowed and flooded to a glassy surface with two deep ruts so that the sleighs would not slide off. When the sleigh haul began in January the horses were fitted with sharp toe caulks to grip the ice. On such roads, sleighs ran along almost like horse-drawn railway cars, and by spring these ice roads might be twelve inches thick. The men who built them were the drivers of the water tank sleighs, and they worked all night in this cold and lonely occupation, their only diversion the howling of the wolves.

From Joan Finnegan's book, Some of the Stories I Told You Were True, comes a description of the activities of a "ground hog", the man whose responsibility it was to shovel hot sand on the hill to slow the descent of the heavy load. During the night the "groundhog" stayed in a hole beside the road on a hill, where he kept a fire going to warm the sand. Before daybreak the "groundhog" threw the hot sand on the skidway where it stuck on the ice.

Many teamsters and their teams were killed or disabled on the dangerous descents when the heavily laden sleighs simply pushed the teams down the grade. The Barienger brake was a device designed to prevent the sliding of the loads. The brake, consisting of four or more heavy steel drums threaded with a cable which was attached to the sleigh load, was anchored to a stump and operated by one man with a lever. Even with this device, dangers of the operation remained a constant threat to life and limb.

Early spring brought the most exciting and also the most dangerous time of the year. It appears that in many cases the floodwaters of the thaw were needed to carry the logs down stream to the river. Log jams would occur, and only the daring and skill of the lumber jacks could release the key-log and break the jam. It was on these occasions that the leadership of the river foreman was tested, for it was his responsibility to keep the drive moving. Dozens of ballads testify that even the most careful loggers fell victim to accident, for the nature of their work involved much risk. The great rush of logs, once loosed, rushed downward explosively, carrying death and destruction. We must remember that the teams of the various companies tended to compete with each other in timber production and that the owners, too, encouraged

and promoted men who showed fearlessness and daring on the spring drives.

For their agility and daring, or perhaps foolhardiness, French Canadians gained the reputation of being outstanding raftsmen, and one of them, because he showed little fear of the menacing Lachine rapids, came to the Kawartha region to shepherd the logs on the Otonabee River.

Between 1840 and 1861, more than 250 families of French descent came to the Kawarthas. Like the Scots, Irish and British before them, the French came looking for work and opportunities for a better life for their children in a community where many new industries were developing. The story of Toussaint La Plante, his wife and his seventeen children illustrates how life could be better in the Kawarthas.

La Plante had lived in La Prairie near Montreal. His family had come to Quebec in 1644 and were fourth generation Canadians. At the Lachine rapids, he met Charles Perry, a Peterborough lumberman who was taking a raft of logs to Wolfe's Cove, Quebec. Mr. Perry was in a jam, so to speak, for none of his loggers would run the drive through the treacherous Lachine. When La Plante stepped up and offered to be his foreman, Perry realized he had met the man he needed for his logging operation back home.

On Perry's invitation, La Plante and his family came by train to Kingston, then by boat to Cobourg. From Cobourg he travelled through Hamilton Township to the Sully on Rice Lake, where he boarded May's horseboat to Peterborough. La Plante was successful in the life he had chosen. Even though French Canadians were treated somewhat poorly by their English-speaking neighbours, some families, like the La Plantes, the Bouchers, Thibodeaus and the Ayottes decided to make Ontario their home. Peterborough historian Peter A. Moore writes, "They added colour and strength to our community."

The logging industry brought prosperity to the Trent Valley. It meant wages for hundreds like my great uncle and grandfather who left their farms to earn wages in the woods. For a few, it brought tremendous wealth. The title "King of the Trent Valley" was earned by an Irish immigrant, Mossum Boyd.

Boyd was a young man of education who enjoyed the advantages of having friends of means and influence. Caught up in the "Canada fever" in 1834, at the age of eighteen, he came first to Omemee and then to Bobcageon, where he managed a sawmill for Thomas Need. He purchased the mill and was encouraged

to channel its profits into further investments.

In 1834 Mossom Boyd was married to Caroline Dunsford, the daughter of a prominent family. With financial backing, he was able to diversify his operations by cutting elm as well as pine. By 1854, Boyd had made connections with buyers in the United States and began exporting sawn lumber to Oswego, New York, thus having both a square timber trade and a sawn lumber enterprise. Having been successful on private lands, Boyd began to acquire permits to cut lumber from licensed public lands. When depression affected the timber market, Boyd had the influence to have the price of his contract lowered and the length of his tenure extended while at the same time his sawn lumber business continued to flourish.

Boyd became a merchant of international stature. He dealt directly with timber merchants in Glasgow, Liverpool and London. In the United States he invested directly, forming partnerships with companies which would promote the sale of his product.

Boyd's interests in shipping lumber led him to promote the Trent River Slides, the Trent Valley Canal and the Huron-Trent Valley Canal Company. Early in the 1900's, Boyd's family saw that the steamers that ferried men and provisions in the fall and spring could carry paying passengers in the summer. They began to advertise the beauty of the shining Kawarthas waters, leading to the opening of the Lakes region to the tourist trade.

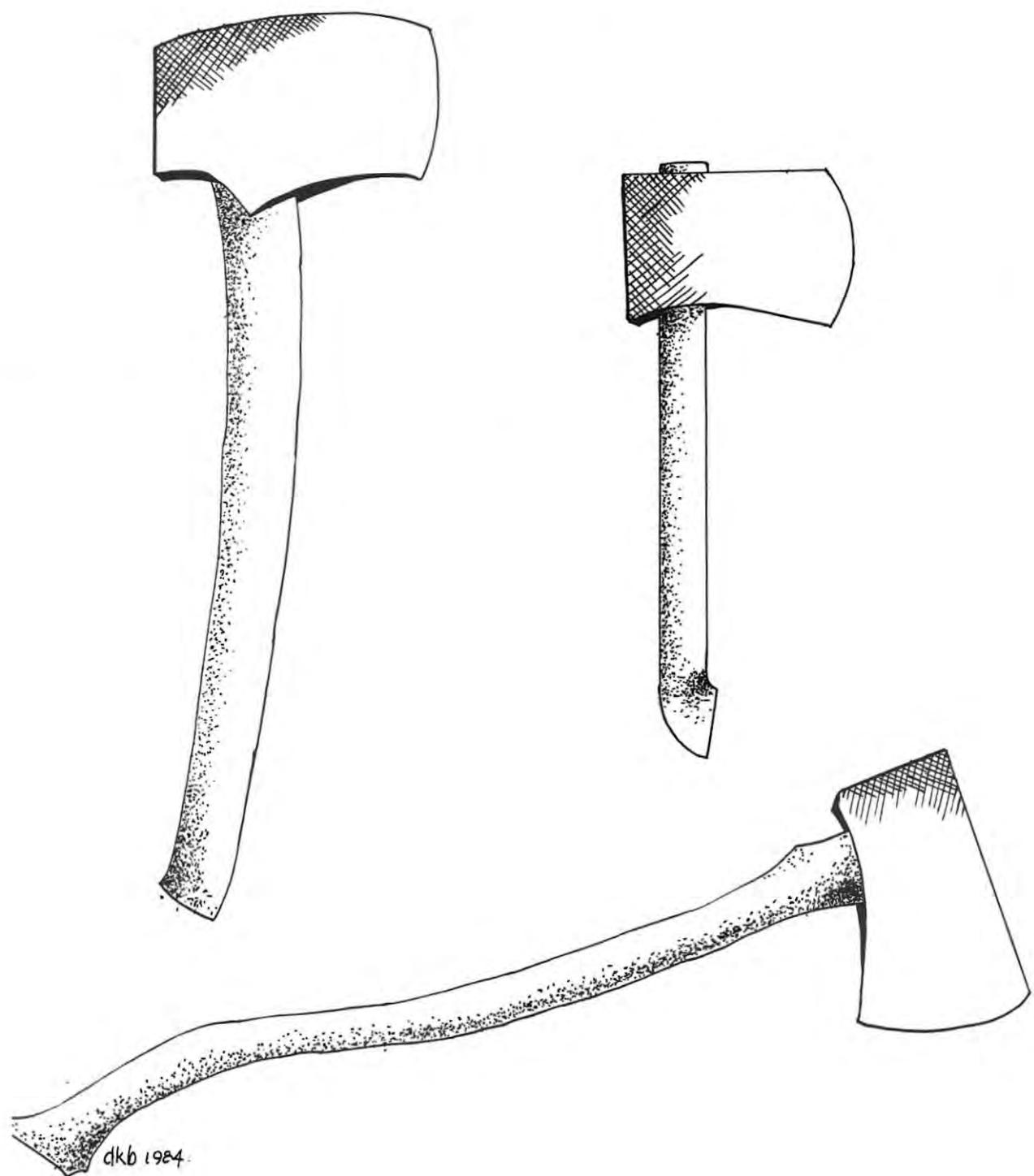
The lumbering industry in Canada has spawned many a legendary figure, but none surpasses Joseph Montferrand, the champion of all the loggers. Montferrand, they say, could, as a child, jump over the table with his feet tied together. By the time he was twenty-five, he was working for Bowman and Gilmore on the Lievre River above Buckingham on the Ottawa River. Soon he was a rafting foreman and, in that position, was forever being challenged to an "all's fair" fight, like the gun fighters of the old west. One such episode involved a challenge from the "Shiners", Irish navvies who had built the Rideau Canal, and who were reputed to be a lawless bunch who terrorized peaceful citizens. With all means of escape cut off, so the story goes, he "seized the closest Shiner in his mighty arms and, swinging him like a club, flattened the first row of attackers like so many tin soldiers...A crowd gathered to watch the Shiners flee down the Aylmer Road."

Mackay writes that in the lumbercamps on the Ottawa, men didn't talk about Paul Bunyan, they talked about Giant Joseph Montferrand and the men who were his peers, the men who faced the challenges of the forest frontier and who were its martyrs or victims, its magnates or its groundhogs. The words of David Trumble describe well the men of the early logging industry in Ontario:

The Shantymen

In olden times,
over a hundred years ago
people was twice as big as they are now.

O yeah,
They was big people
two and three hundred pounds.
Yeah,
They was regular giant people
when I was a boy,
something out of this world.



18th century axes.

WILLIAM WELLER, THE STAGE COACH KING

Lawrence F. Jones

Of all those who, in the first half of the 19th century, built the foundation for the town that became the Cobourg of today, none was as colourful, as enterprising, as venturesome, as its first Mayor: William Weller, entrepreneur, risk taker on a grand scale (for the times) and public-spirited citizen.

Weller, the son of a farmer, was born in Vermont in 1798. At the age of 22 he married Mercy Wilcox of Canton, in upstate New York, then studied law with the financial assistance of his bride's well-to-do parents. That completed, Weller and his wife followed the path being taken at the time by many Americans who saw in Upper Canada opportunities for fame or fortune, or both. In the early 1820's Weller, with York (which became Toronto in 1834) as his base of operations, tried his hand at the buying and selling of land. His speculations were successful and gave him the funds for the first of his acquisitions---a stage coach line. The purchase of other coach companies followed and, as well, a telegraph line that extended from Toronto to Montreal and Buffalo.

Weller's coach lines served the growing communities along the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario---the shore often referred to as the Front---Montreal, Prescott, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, Toronto, Hamilton, and places in between. He extended the service to the developing townships and villages, such as Peterborough, north of the Front. For them, public transportation overland was essential; as social historian G. P. de T. Glazebrook said, contact with the Front "was essential: an isolated town can neither live nor thrive".

Thanks to Weller's enterprise, there was employment for many, skilled and unskilled, in the operation and maintenance of his business. As many as 400 were on the payroll when the Weller lines were at the peak of their prosperity. When the proprietor moved his headquarters from Toronto to Cobourg in the 1840's, Cobourg enjoyed new benefits. Coaches were built in a Weller shop at George and Orange Streets and were of such high quality

that one woman traveller from England described them as "not unlike the Lord Mayor's state carriage", although perhaps a bit "showy". There was a repair shop on Swayne Street and nearby, east of the Globe Hotel (the site a century later of the Park cinema theatre) stood the ticket office.

William Weller was not only an executive---he could do what he expected his employees to do. He demonstrated this when Governor General C. Poulett Thompson (later Lord Sydenham) wanted to be taken from Toronto to Montreal in February 1849. That was not unusual---what was unusual was that His Excellency wanted to be in Montreal in 38 hours in order to reprieve a convicted felon from the gallows, and the journey normally took 4½ days. Weller said it would be done---if he drove himself. A friend wagered £1,000 that he could not do it in time, and Weller took the bet. Thirty-five hours and 40 minutes from the time the vice-regal sleigh left Toronto it arrived in Montreal, the driver exhausted but happy. Happy, too, was His Excellency, who paid Weller £100 for his fare and, as a bonus, an engraved gold watch. On his return to Upper Canada, Weller of course picked up the £1,000 wager.

By the beginning of the 1850's, there were signs of economic trouble for the stage coach king. Contracts his lines had for the carriage of mail were cancelled in 1853 and the loss of this business was added to the growing threat from the steady advance of the Grand Trunk Railway across Upper Canada. As one author put it, "no sooner was the whistle of the locomotive heard in the land than stage coaches became things of the past." If he could not beat the railways, Weller decided he might as well join them. Through the years he had acquired much property in Cobourg and this he mortgaged heavily to obtain funds for investment in a company, largely of Cobourg business and professional men, which planned a railway to connect Cobourg with Peterborough. The railway was built, with a bridge of uncertain stability to carry the tracks across Rice Lake. It was a glorious, exhilarating time. So carried away was Weller with the optimism and enthusiasm of the occasion that he declared, at the celebration of the inaugural trip on the line: "I am rejoiced to see old things passing away and conditions becoming weller."

But conditions did not become "weller". The railway failed and the stockholders lost their investments. His stage coach business dwindling to

zero, much of his Cobourg land gone, Weller lost the vitality that always inspired him. Three years after the railway fiasco, he died, after a three weeks' illness, at the age of 65. He was, one historian reported, "a poor man."

But, rich or poor, William Weller was long remembered by the people of Cobourg. They elected him nine times to the Board of Police, Cobourg's first governing body and, when the village became a town in 1850, as their first Mayor. He was a Councillor for four years and Mayor three times, including the year of his death, 1863.

Business was suspended for his funeral and the citizens of Cobourg genuinely mourned the loss of an outstanding figure. The Cobourg Sentinel summed up well the public feeling: "...one of our oldest and most influential citizens, a thorough business man (who) served this town...with honor to himself and credit to the town."

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NOTE -- Not all of the above provided information that was included in the essay as written, because of the limitation on length to 1,000 words maximum.

THE MOST FAMOUS MAN

Foster MeHarry Russell

"In the 1870's Cobourg had recovered from the depression of the previous decade, and the disappointment over the failure of the Cobourg and Peterborough Railway had to some extent softened by its temporary revival and by the commencement of the Crossen Car Works" . . . (from the book Cobourg 1798-1948).

In this period of Cobourg history a man of saintly appearance and pleasant voice would address himself on occasion to Crossen plant workers on their way home:

"Are you saved?"

Some jeered in derision at the question, some laughed outright, some were troubled, some listened to the gentle man standing there in front of the Crossen Car Works.

This man was a lonely but resolute figure in Cobourg and Port Hope. He walked the rural acres, the streets of towns and villages in Durham and Northumberland Counties, spreading the message of a Christ; a layman giving his substance; tutoring children, caring for the sick, providing funds, food, and clothing for the poor; a veritable saint, beatified by performance.

The "good" man, as he was known, died in 1886, leaving a record of humanitarian service and more . . .

* * * * *

The scene changes now to the pulpit of Trinity United Church, Cobourg, Sunday, June 15, 1980.

The minister, the Reverend Glenn Ashford, asked:

"Who was the most famous of all men and women who lived in this area?"

Who was the most famous?

Cobourg was the native home of Leila Koerber (Marie Dressler); scions of the United Empire Loyalist Masseys at Grafton, Vincent and Raymond, were internationally known. The Right Honourable Vincent Massey became the first Canadian-born Governor General of Canada, and Raymond, television and stage star, was superb in the role of Abraham Lincoln. Katharine Cornell, termed America's greatest tragedienne, was a summer resident in Cobourg,

and the noted comedienne, Beatrice Lillie, resided with her sister and mother on George Street. James Cockburn, first Speaker, House of Commons (1867), practiced law in Cobourg. Archibald Lampman, classic poet, attended school in Cobourg. Paul Kane painted portraits of Cobourg citizens, and produced over 500 sketches of Canadian Indian Life. Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's first Prime Minister, articled in Cobourg... But nevertheless, while all these celebrities achieved more than passing fame, not one could equal the world-wide impact of one man, Reverend Glenn Ashford concluded in his Sunday sermon:

"Joseph Medlicott Scriven was the most famous human-being to live here."

* * * *

Joseph Medlicott Scriven (1819-1886) was born in Ireland. A graduate of Dublin University in 1845 he came to Canada but suffered ill health and was forced to return home the same year.

Next year in Ireland, Joseph was hired to teach a family, and in summer was invited by the parents to visit the Middle East. In reading his Bible, Joseph was impressed by St. Paul's conversion on the way to Damascus...a holy city where pilgrims stopped on the way to Mecca. There in Damascus was the overpowering feeling about Saul the sinner who became Paul the saint, apostle for Jesus Christ. Inspiration came to Joseph Scriven and the first draft was formed of "What A Friend We Have In Jesus". Joseph thought of his mother. He sent the creation home to Ireland.

In 1847, Scriven returned to Canada. He was an unfrocked lay preacher without church affiliation, by choice; a tutor of children, by request; a dedicated composer of hymns, by inclination.

Scriven was engaged twice to be married.

In Ireland, before coming to Canada, Scriven's bride-to-be was drowned on the eve of the wedding. Thoroughly disconsolate, Scriven sought comfort with religious friends, but he became restless and felt no longer could he stay in Ireland. Then in Canada he became engaged to Catherine Roche, relative of the Pengelleys at Bewdley where he was tutoring the family. Catherine accepted the immersion ceremony of baptism. It took place on a cold day in spring at Rice Lake. Catherine suffered from exposure and died later in August 1860.

In the 26 years that followed the second tragedy until his own demise, Scriven devoted all his substance to humanity; his mission was a

daily sermon of love and faith and charity.

The Scriven Way remained on the day to day struggle of mortals in the 1860's, 1870's, and early 1880's.

The man became a legend.

He preached from the vantage point of a wagon at fairs in Peterborough.

Mother Scriven sent parcels of clothing from Ireland for her son which he gave away to the unfortunate. He also shared with others the money received from home.

Of course there were days when Scriven was without funds. On one of these occasions a destitute family sought help. He gave the family his watch to sell for funds.

A friend provided Scriven with fare for a special religious meeting in Toronto, but he walked all the way to the city and gave the money to a family in need.

Scriven died a poor man. He never knew the rich legacy of the hymn he had left to the world.

A woman in Calgary, when attacked in her bedroom, frightened away a would-be rapist by singing "What A Friend We Have In Jesus". The hymn was sung in Italian at the Vatican, Rome; in Moscow; in churches of all denominations, everywhere in the free and oppressed world, and in prison. The stories are legion about a man and his hymn.

Dateline: July 2, 1981

Terry Fox had made a courageous struggle, walking many miles on one good leg in the cause against a dreaded disease. He left to humanity an unending Marathon of Hope.

Terry was buried on a hillside he loved so well, where often he went to be alone, to view the sparkling majesty of the Coquitlam River and the awesome beauty of the Rocky Mountains.

"What A Friend We Have In Jesus" is a favorite hymn of the Terry Fox family. It was sung at Terry's funeral.

...To all people everywhere the everlasting comfort of the words remain.

Sources of information: Personal research in Dublin, Ireland; The Cobourg Sentinel-Star; The Evening Guide, Port Hope; interviews; Coquitlam, British Columbia; The Montreal Witness; the Clarry Papers; Rita Pengelley.



JAMES CALCUTT, Sr.

Percy L. Climo

James Calcutt, Sr. was born on the 23rd of March 1792, at Derrycanton, near Mountrath, and to the west of Dublin, Ireland. He was of the fifth generation of the Calcutt family to live in Ireland. His ancestor, also James Calcutt, served as an officer in the bodyguard supporting Oliver Cromwell, when the Protector crossed from England in the year 1649. After the civil wars, the ancestor, James Calcutt, settled down in Ireland.

James Calcutt, Sr. at the age of fourteen years, set himself up in the business of brewing. As he prospered, he expanded his business to include milling and malting, in the town of Mountmellick. He became quite wealthy.

By the year 1830, trouble was developing between certain factions in Ireland. Groups of desperados were active causing untold misery, destroying property, and even resorting to murder. They carried out their atrocities in such a way that the authorities were helpless in bringing them to justice. One Irishman, in particular, by the name of James Demsey, gave leadership to a notorious gang of "white feet", in the area where James Calcutt, Sr. lived. They brought terror to the neighbourhood.

James Calcutt, Sr. devoted his full time to his business. He kept aloof from factions and gave trouble to no one. For some unknown reason, he was singled out by the desperados, who were urged on by some unknown authority, and marked out as one to be driven from his native land.

Loaded drays, containing manufactures of his industry, en route to neighbouring towns, were attacked. The hired men were beaten, the horses killed, and the contents of the vehicles destroyed. Day after day, for weeks and months, this system of cruelty and wholesale destruction continued. At last, with loss of wealth and ruin staring him in the face, James Calcutt, Sr. decided to leave Ireland forever. He set his mind on emigrating to Canada.

Hurriedly, he collected what means he could gather together, including some of his equipment used in his industry, and set sail with his family,

en route to Upper Canada.

It was the summer of 1832, the year of the great migration to America, also the year of the cholera epidemic, when the Calcutt family crossed the Atlantic in the "Duncan Gibb", with 303 passengers from Dublin, all heading for Quebec. Most of the passengers were people of means.

Enduring the hardships of travel of that period, Calcutt and his family passed up through the St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario, where the steamboat, "William IV", brought them to the Cobourg wharf. After making enquiries, James Calcutt, Sr. decided to make Cobourg his home, and immediately proceeded to establish himself in the same line of business he had left behind in Ireland. Within a month, he was advertising for a supply of grains, offering cash payments on delivery, a new business procedure in Cobourg. He purchased a fine lakefront property to the west of Hibernia Street. Here he set up his manufacturing plants and erected a fine mansion. In time, he erected a brewery, a distillery, malt houses, kilns, an office, workshop, and a steam-powered flour mill. His premises were the most complete of any kind for the manufacture of whiskey, beer, and liquors. His products became famous in the neighbouring United States and in Canada.

James Calcutt, Sr. and his family were prominent citizens of Cobourg in the business community, in the local activities, and in the Church of St. Peter. He paid cash for his purchases, and this meant much to farmers who supplied grain for his manufactures. His hired men received their pay for the week regularly every Saturday night. A number of his former employees in Ireland also moved to Canada and settled in Cobourg. They had many happy years in his employ. It is recorded that few men have contributed more, in their day, to the build-up of Cobourg. He also served on the Board of Police in the years 1843 and 1844.

James Calcutt, Sr. was twice married. His first wife was the youngest daughter of William Shannon of Mountmellick, Ireland. They were married in 1817. Five sons and three daughters were born to this union. Mrs. Calcutt died in Cobourg in 1852. His second wife was a daughter of a Mr. Boyce of Prince Edward. To this marriage three daughters were born, making a total of eleven children.

James Calcutt, Sr. died in Cobourg on May 18th, 1869, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was a most respected citizen, kind and charitable to all, possessing a liberal mind, and scrupulously honest in all his dealings. His fourth son, Kingsley Calcutt, continued to operate the family business in Cobourg.

In all of life's experiences, perhaps James Calcutt, Sr. encountered a unique and a most unusual occurrence. It happened in Cobourg. Shortly after his arrival, one of his hired men, by chance, was at the Cobourg wharf when the steam-boat, "William IV" was on a regular visit. He noticed and recognized James Demsey, of Ireland, on board and hastened to inform his employer. The Calcutts were very much upset and worried on hearing this news. They feared that Demsey had followed them from Ireland with murderous intentions, bent on continued revenge. The day was stormy with severe winds out of the south-east. The lake became very rough, and the steamboat, in backing out from the wharf and on turning into the lake, met a monstrous wave that washed overboard two men who were standing in the open gangway. Efforts to rescue the men were fruitless and they perished in the heavy seas.

A short time after, the body of a man was found washed up and lying on the sand beach in front of Mr. Calcutt's property. On examination, the body was identified as that of the outlaw whiteboy, the robber, murderer, the terrible Demsey, who had given Mr. Calcutt so much trouble in Ireland. What a denouement! What an awful retribution! Here was the body of a man who came 3,000 miles from Ireland into the heart of the North American continent only to be cast on the property of the very one he had so much injured, a ghastly corpse.

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CONFIDENCE

Miriam Mutton

Cobourg and its environs are rich in tales of history, of personalities who have contributed to our heritage. Through their wisdom, activities and talents they have brought acclaim to Cobourg. Near the beginning of the 20th century, a spectacle of national significance developed its roots in Cobourg - the Cobourg Horse Show. It was here that a locally bred horse named 'Confidence' set a world high-jumping record. 'Confidence' established many high-jump records throughout his career, bringing recognition not only to one of Cobourg's important historical events but also to Canada.

"Foaled near Cobourg, Ontario, in 1899, this bay gelding, with one white sock on his near hind leg,..."¹ was a half-bred hackney standard bred. His owner described him as "... a thick-set powerful horse about 16h ...".² 'Confidence' landed in the stables of Crowe and Murray, Toronto, and was eventually sold as part of a pair to draw a landau owned by Mr. Matthews.³ A landau would seat four persons and was the largest kind of private carriage; it also had a convertible top. The horses were returned to the stables of Crowe and Murray when the new owner complained that 'Confidence' "mixed his gaits". "'Confidence' would not trot properly, and this marred the beauty of the pair."⁴ "Since the demand for heavy hunters always exceeded the supply, Jim Murray decided to try this mixed-gaited horse over a jump or two."⁵ And thus began the career of one of Canada's first internationally acclaimed jumpers.

Jim Murray found that 'Confidence' could jump well "...and sold him as a heavy-weight hunter to a gentleman in Montreal."⁶ Under the ownership of Captain W.T. Evans, "...'Confidence' brought honours to Canada in 1909, at London's Olympia Horse Show."⁷ "...The London Free Press for July 1, 1909, refers to 'Confidence' winning the high jump in competition by clearing seven feet...".⁸ It was in London where "...he caught the eye of Sir Clifford Sifton, who bought him and several other jumpers."⁹ Familiar to most Canadians, Sir Clifford Sifton, "... who was knighted in 1915, had a

distinguished political career...,"¹⁰ and he owned some of the finest jumpers. "Sir Clifford also acquired the services of Jack Hamilton, professional rider for Crowe and Murray, who continued to train the new horses"¹¹ and rode 'Confidence' in all of his jumping contests.¹²

With Jack Hamilton aboard, 'Confidence' continued to set high jumping records in 1910 and 1911 at New York's National Horse Show.¹³ Already possessing national recognition, 'Confidence' made his appearance at the Cobourg Horse Show in 1912. "Horse Show Park was considered one of the finest show grounds in America, and the third week in August was always a gala time in Cobourg."¹⁴ From its beginnings in 1905, the popularity of the Show quickly gained momentum and by "... 1911 no less than 35 large stables were represented with some 165 horses."¹⁵ In the show of 1912, the Honourable Clifford Sifton "... showed several high jumpers in the high jump class."¹⁶ It was in Cobourg that the record for the high jump was set in 1912 by "... Sifton's 'Confidence', which cleared 7 feet 10 5/8 inches. This in itself was a notable advertisement for Cobourg Horse Show...!"¹⁷

'Confidence' continued to set records. Later in 1912, "... he established a world record (official) by clearing 8' 1/2"."¹⁸ "...The record of 'Confidence' stood for eleven years, until an American horse, 'Great Heart', jumped 8' 13/16 inches, at Chicago in 1923."¹⁹ 1912 was the most successful year for the high jump achievements by 'Confidence', which are outlined below:²⁰

7'6 5/8"	May 1912	Spring Horse Show, the Armouries, Toronto
7'6 5/8"	June 1912	Olympia Horse Show, London, England
2m35cm		The Hague, the Netherlands
7'10 5/8"	August 1912	Cobourg Horse Show, Cobourg
8' 1/2"	September 1912	Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa

"When war broke out in 1914, 'Confidence' was sold to a riding school in Brooklyn, NY,...,"²¹ where in 1915, Miss Marie-Louise Thompson (riding side-saddle) cleared a seven-foot jump.²² Following the Armistice, 'Confidence' was transported back to Sir Clifford Sifton at Toronto in a railway box car, bearing a sign which occupied the whole side of the car, reading - "This car contains 'Confidence' the world record high jumper."²³

'Confidence' made a "... farewell appearance at the Canadian National

Exhibition in 1921, aged 22 years. He died in 1923..."²⁴ and was buried on the Sifton farm property. The tombstone of 'Confidence' and other great horses of the Sifton Stables rests on the farm of grandson Clifford Sifton near Aurora.

'Confidence' displayed tremendous athletic ability in his record-breaking high jumps, bringing international recognition to equitation in Canada. His record-setting performance in Cobourg did much to promote the Cobourg Horse Show as one of the finest in America. A personality of the four-legged kind, 'Confidence' is to be remembered for his contribution to an important historical aspect of life in Cobourg at the turn of the century - the Cobourg Horse Show.

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Acknowledgements

Mr. David Dew. Adanac Horse Farm, Cobourg.

Mr. Doug Catto, Aurora.

Mr. Michael G. Sifton, Markham.

COBOURG HARBOUR PLAQUE

On this site in 1829 the first pier was built by private local enterprise known as the Cobourg Harbour Company. In the year 1841 alone, 597 vessels of over 50 tons each and many smaller vessels docked here. Due to increased activity, protective piers were added in 1843 and in the 1870's. Tolls were charged for harbour usage and goods transported included lumber, grain, and later, iron ore. In the 1840's and 1850's Irish emigrants landed here embarking on a new life. 1859 saw the dream of an international port die with the failure of the Cobourg-Peterborough Railroad. The America's Cup Challenger "Countess of Dufferin" and the steamship "Cobourg" called this port home. Between 1907 and 1950 the large freight-car/passenger ferries, "Ontario 1" and "2" sailed between Cobourg and Rochester. Today, with the assistance of the Federal Government, it has become an important small craft harbour.

Erected - Cobourg and District Historical Society - 1984

JAMES COCKBURN - COBOURG'S FATHER OF CONFEDERATION

From his law office in Victoria Hall, Cobourg, to the Speaker's Chair of the first Dominion Parliament, James Cockburn played an eminent role during Canada's Confederation years. Cockburn accepted the nomination of 350 petitioners and was elected in 1861 to represent West Northumberland in the Parliament of Canada West.¹ Thus began a successful political career for a man of tact and courtesy who would provide a steady influence in the turbulent years of Canada's birth.

Cockburn was born in 1819 at Berwick-on-Tweed in northern England. He attended grammar school there until 1832 when his father, a merchant, decided to emigrate to Upper Canada. On the Atlantic crossing, his father, like thousands of emigrants, contracted Asiatic cholera. He died and was buried in Montreal.

Young Cockburn's mother proceeded with her family to York (now Toronto). James attended Upper Canada College and Osgoode Hall. In 1845 he came to Cobourg to practice law and, until 1849, shared a practice with D'Arcy Boulton, another prominent politician.

Married in 1854 to Isabella Susan Patterson, Cockburn established a successful law career, began raising a family and found time and interest for public affairs. He was elected to the Cobourg town council in 1856, 1858 and 1859. During this time, when plans for Victoria Hall floundered due to lack of finances, Cockburn offered the prudent leadership and confidence which saw the project completed in 1860. While serving in local politics Cockburn acquired a reputation for honesty, fair dealing, integrity and sound logic. It is not surprising that in 1861 he was considered a fine candidate for Parliament.

Although Cockburn was of Conservative politics, he was elected from West Northumberland as an independent candidate. As a strong nationalist he desired to see "all the parties in Upper Canada (sic) united by one common bond of interest and sympathy". It is not surprising that Cockburn empathized with John A. Macdonald, who saw the need to unite all the

British North American provinces; nor is it surprising that Macdonald recognized Cockburn as a man of "decided political capabilities". When Cockburn supported Macdonald's Military Bill of 1862 their political partnership was assured and Cockburn emerged as a supporter of the Cartier-Macdonald Coalition, the Liberal-Conservatives.

Now a recognized party politician, Cockburn won his seat in 1863 by acclamation. Whether an Independent or a Liberal-Conservative, people of the Cobourg area acknowledged Cockburn as a worthy representative. In 1864 he was elected a Bencher of the Law Society of Canada West. His political stature increased greatly when Cockburn accepted the portfolio of Solicitor-General for Canada West.

Elevation to the post of Solicitor-General demanded a re-election, and Cockburn soundly defeated the Reform candidate, securing a ministry position and the opportunity to attend the Founding of Canada Conference in Quebec in 1864, thus becoming Cobourg's "Father of Confederation". Always aware of the social responsibilities of a statesman in fostering unity, Cockburn opened his Cobourg home on Division Street to the Maritime delegation touring Canada West after the Quebec meeting. Cockburn, like Macdonald and Cartier, realized that the union would take more than votes. Patience, persuasion and perseverance would be needed to "father" political union in British North America.

It was, then, with pride and enthusiasm that Cockburn stood on the platform at Victoria Hall on July 1, 1876 to share in reading the Confederation Declaration to a jubilant crowd. Canada was born, and James Cockburn had been part of that miraculous process, for there were many divisive issues in a country of two founding nations. Again Cockburn received the acclamation of his constituents, and on the nomination of Macdonald, with Cartier as seconder, Cockburn was named Speaker of the first Canadian House of Commons.

To his credit is the fact that the House of Commons unanimously elected Cockburn to the Speaker's Chair. His popularity as Speaker was evident when in 1872 Cockburn was again unanimously chosen for the Speaker's Chair. A contemporary writes of Cockburn, "for this position not only his careful study of parliamentary procedure but his cool and imperturbable temper admirably fitted him".

Cockburn spent his last years codifying the laws of the new Dominion and died in 1883 still at this task. He was buried in the family plot in St. James Cemetery, Toronto.

In recognition of his zealous promotion of the young nation and his respectful treatment of those whose interests differed from his own, James Cockburn is honoured as the first Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons and as a "Father of Confederation". As local historian, Percy Climo, asserts, "As Speaker of the House in the first Parliament, he proved to be the right man in the right place at the right time. This was his crowning achievement".

¹ From 1791 to 1841, Ontario was known as Upper Canada.

From 1841 to 1867, it was known as Canada West.

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